

SONNET X VI.



FOR I have loved long, I crave  
reward!

Reward me not unkindly ! Think on  
kindness! Kindness becometh those of  
high regard;

Regard with clemency a poor man's  
blindness! Blindness provokes to pity, when it  
crieth;

It crieth " Give ! " Dear Lady, shew some  
pity! Pity, or let him die, that daily dieth !

Dieth he not oft, who often sings this  
ditty ? This ditty pleaseth me, although  
it choke me.

Methinks, dame ECHO weepeth at my  
moaning, Moaning the woes, that to  
complain provoke me.

Provoke me now no more ; but hear my  
groaning ! Groaning both day and night, doth  
tear my heart: My heart doth know the  
cause, and triumphs in the smart.

SONNET XVII.



SWEET stroke ! (so might I thrive as I must  
praise) But sweeter hand that gives so  
sweet a stroke 1 The Lute itself is sweetest  
when she plays.

But what hear I ? A string, through fear, is  
broke! The Lute doth shake as if it were  
afraid-

O, sure, some goddess holds it in her  
hand ! A Heavenly Power that oft hath me  
dismayed,  
Yet such a power as doth in beauty stand!  
Cease Lute ! rny ceaseless suit will ne'er be  
heard ! (Ah, too hard-hearted She that will  
not hear it!) If I but think on joy, my joy is  
marred !

My grief is great, yet ever must I bear  
it! But love twixt us, will prove a faithful  
page ; And she will love my sorrows to  
assuage!